ILLUSTRATED SPORTS no. 1

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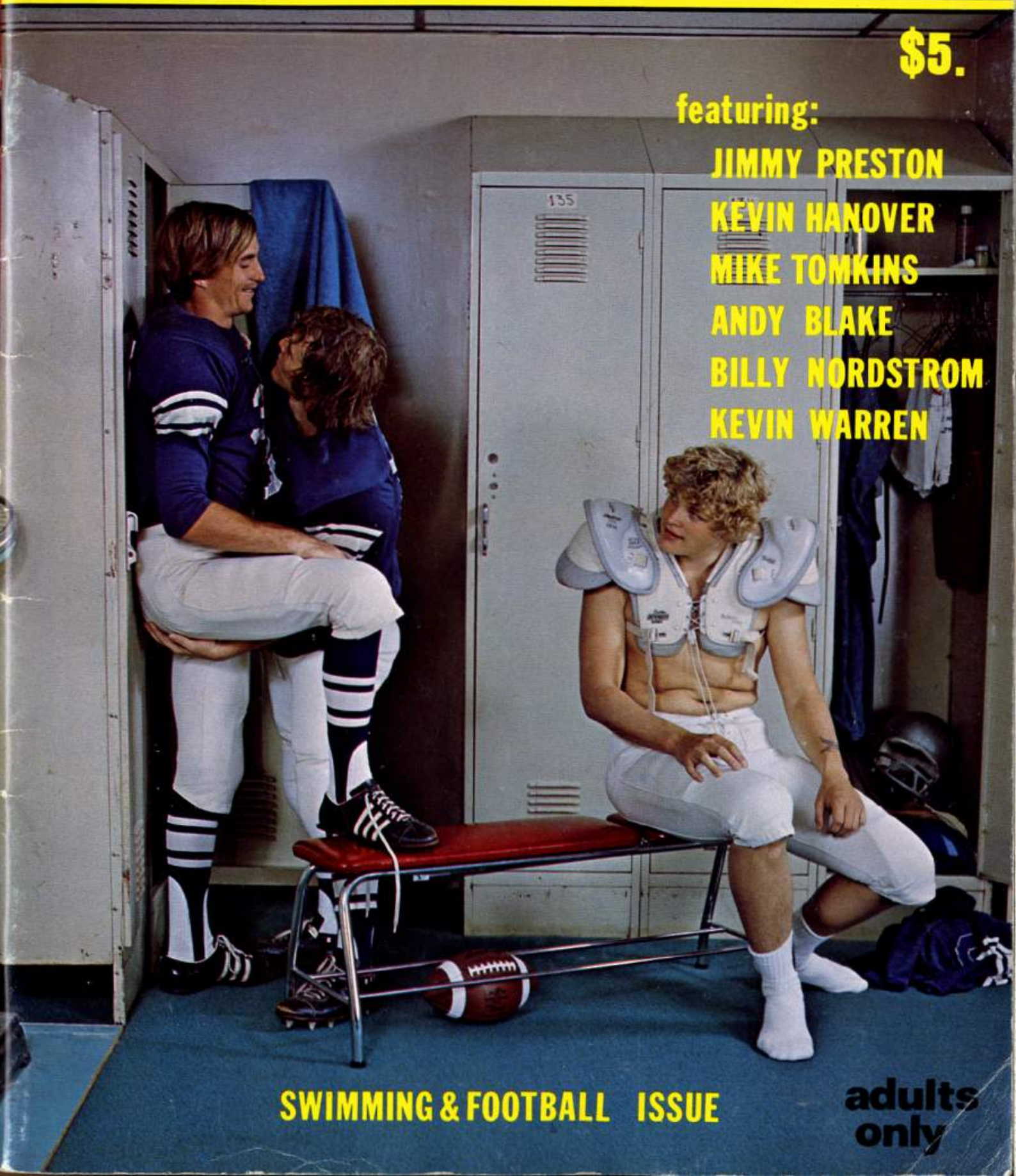

featuring:

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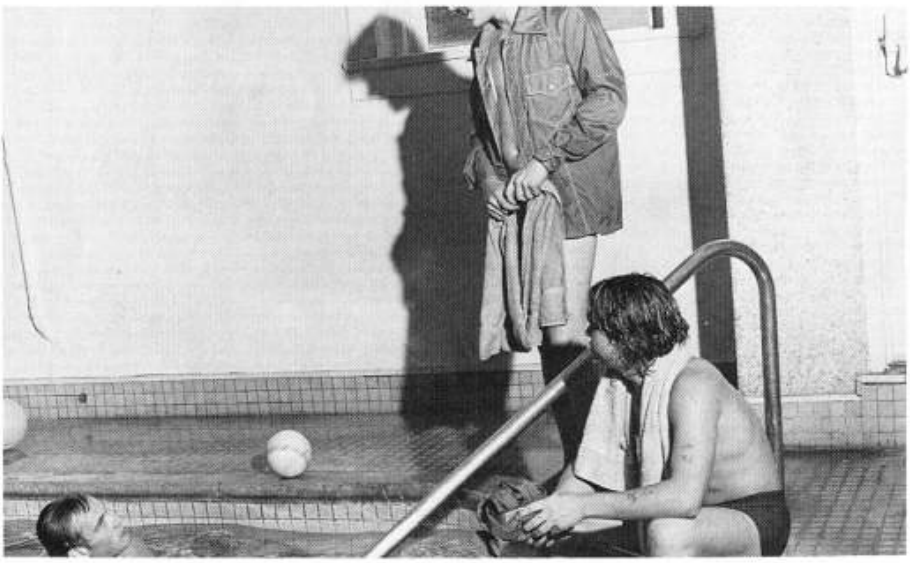
KEVIN HANOVER
MIKE TOMKINS
ANDY BLAKE
BILLY NORDSTROM
KEVIN WARREN

SWIMMING & FOOTBALL ISSUE

adults only



JOCK 1: SWIM MEET

The coach was pissed, there was no doubt about that! The swim team had managed to lose every swim meet since the start of school. He'd tried yelling, he'd tried begging, he even tried putting a harsh curfew on them but nothing seemed to work. He knew what was wrong. Ever since they'd lost their star swimmer, nothing had gone right. He was left with only one choice, get another. As much as the coach hated the thought of paying an athlete to perform in a school, he knew that was the only way out. He knew a lot of other schools did it, but he was still against it. Another thing, he knew no matter how much he fought against it, he'd finally be overruled by the college board and the alumni committee. He was right, an offer had already been made to an outstanding young high-school swimmer, with all kinds of pluses if he'd attend this school.

Jim didn't look like much when he showed up at the school. He was shorter than the other boys on the team and was more slightly built. But, when he got in the water, all that changed. He was really

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a speed demon. He easily beat all the other boys and they were sure that he could have bettered even that star swimmer who'd transferred to another school. It was true that they all began performing much better but there was still something missing. What Jimmy and the coach didn't know was that the former star swimmer and all the guys on the team had been into some wild sex scenes. They would wait until the coach had gone, then strip down to their jocks, when they were sure no one was looking, and really get it on.

That star swimmer was really turned on by the sight of all those trim-bodied young studs stripped to just their tight-fitting, cock-revealing jocks. All he'd need do was just see them in the locker room or the shower and they'd be off on a wild time of hot sucking and fucking. The star swimmer loved it

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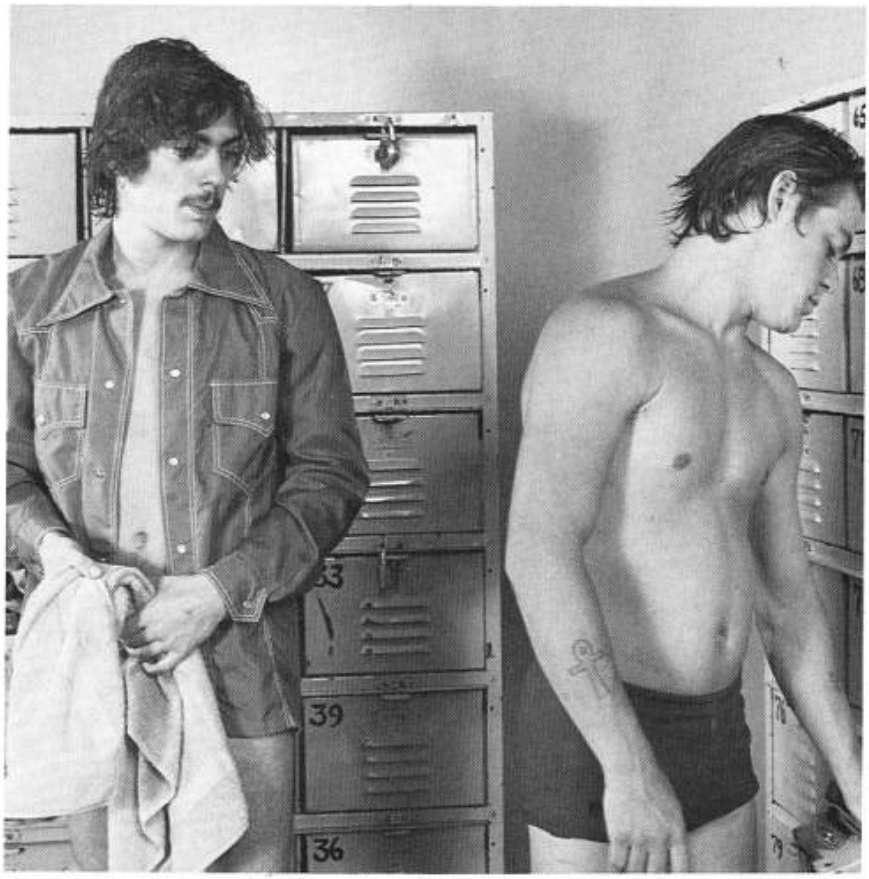

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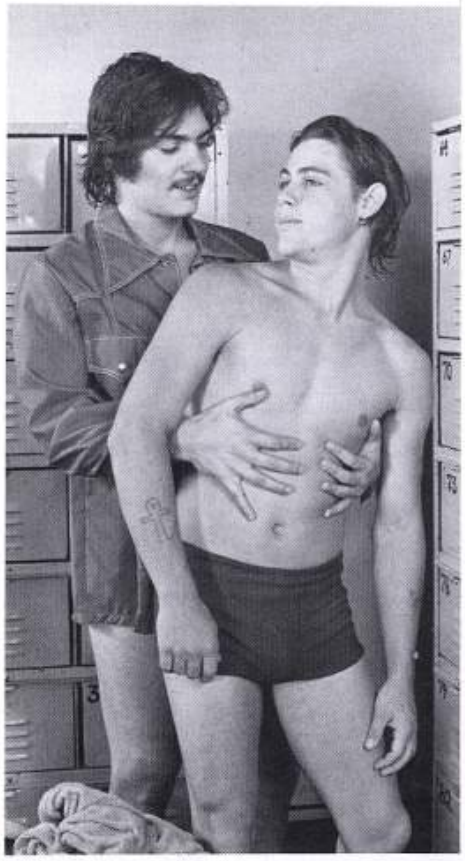

when the guys would pull their huge, stiff, drooling cocks out from under their jocks and really shove them to him. He loved to get fucked and suck someone at the same time. He'd take on all the guys on the team as many times as they would go. It was always wild, hot sex in the showers and the locker room all the time when the swim team was in there.

What the team didn't know about Jim was that he was just as turned on to guys as that other swimmer had been. That was the main reason that he'd agreed to attend this new school. He and another guy on the swim team at his high school were caught getting it on together. They had tried to keep it quiet but the news did leak out. It was decided that the two guys should definitely go to different colleges. When the offer

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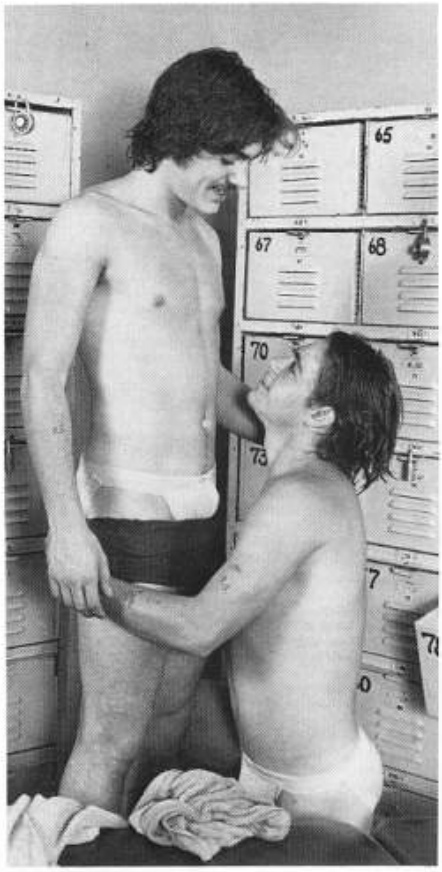
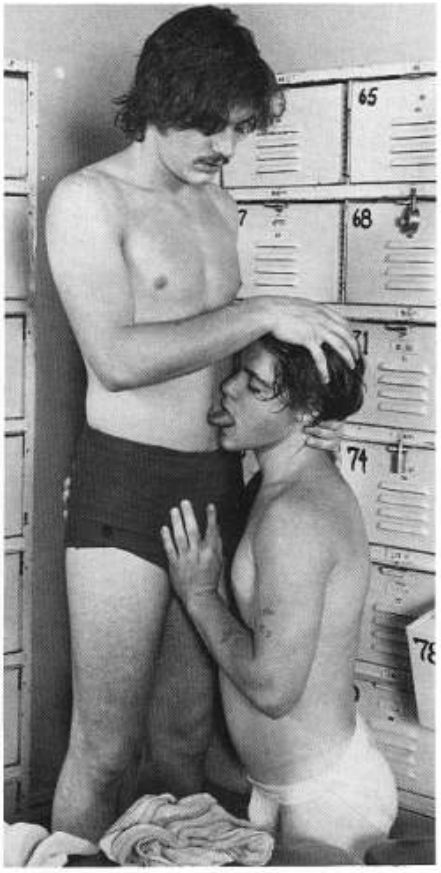


came from this school, Jim jumped at it.

Today Jim had been swimming with a couple of the best swimmers on the team. Art had started back to school after a hitch in the Navy, where he'd been a swimming champ. He had done pretty well in college but hadn't really adjusted to the pace of college life yet. The other guy, Kris, was a foreign exchange student from Germany. They were both juniors in school. Art had a couple of years of college while he was in the Navy. The coach was sure that between the three of them, he'd soon have one of the best swim teams in the nation. He couldn't understand why Art and Kris had fallen off so badly in performance since his former star had switched schools. It was easy. They were the two who had been really shoving their always hard, young cocks to that star's tight, twitching ass. They were so horny after he left that they were about ready to try each other out!

However, after that particular round of swimming, both the horny young swimmers knew they wouldn't have to do that. They'd both caught Jimmy staring at their young, stiff cocks through the tight bathing trunks. They had seen that look before from the star swimmer. Art shot Kris a smile and told him that he was going to go to the locker room and get friendly with their new teammate. Kris gave him a smile and replied that he'd hold back so Art could be alone with the kid, then just happen in later.

Jim was stripping when Art came into the locker room. His cock was stiff and throbbing under his tight, nut-clutching jock. He was so hot that he had planned



to pull out his dripping fuck tool and go to work on it with his fist just as Art walked in. He quickly stuffed it back in his trunks and, blushing, turned his back to Art and began stripping. He was afraid to let those other hung, young swimmers know how turned on he was to their firm bodies and the big, bulging cocks they had barely crammed into those tight-fitting jocks and the trunks that showed everything. Art wasn't fooled. He caught the action of that fast-moving hand. He started to strip off himself. Art never said a word. He just slowly pulled down his trunks. His hand was working back and forth across his jock-covered cock. Jim couldn't help noticing that action. His own cock was pounding under his tight trunks. He squeezed the head of that dripping fuck rod, trying to

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MEDIUM

keep it from exploding right in his jock. He started to moan slightly.

That was just the sort of signal Art was waiting to hear. He started to groan, too. He slid his big stiff meat out from under the side of his jock and started twisting the head in his fingers. The lube oozed out and dripped down onto his swim trunks. Art groaned again and clutched his aching cock in his tight fist. He really started working it as fast as he could. It had been much too long since he'd had a hot mouth wrapped around his always ready to shoot dick and he could hardly wait to get Jim's hot lips around the red, rigid head of his throbbing tool.

By now Jim's entire body was trembling. He felt like a burning fire was racing through his veins instead of blood. He no longer cared if the guys on the team knew what he was into. He couldn't let this go by. Even if he couldn't dare touch Art, he sure could watch the sexy, young swimmer work out a big wad of cum out of that huge, young cock of his. Jim turned so he could face Art. He took his own cock through his tight jock and started working it under that fabric. Art was quick to check out that action. He turned so Jim could see him better. He pressed his dripping cock even further toward Jim. Finally, his huge, stiff cock barely touched Jim's leg. It drooled out a big drop of lube juice on Jim. Jim felt as if that sticky goo were as hot as the head of a match. He started moaning and groaning. He thrust his leg forward. Art's cock slid all the way up his leg and rammed right into his own quivering dick, trapped under his jock.

Art was so turned on, trembling with pent-up lust, that he started

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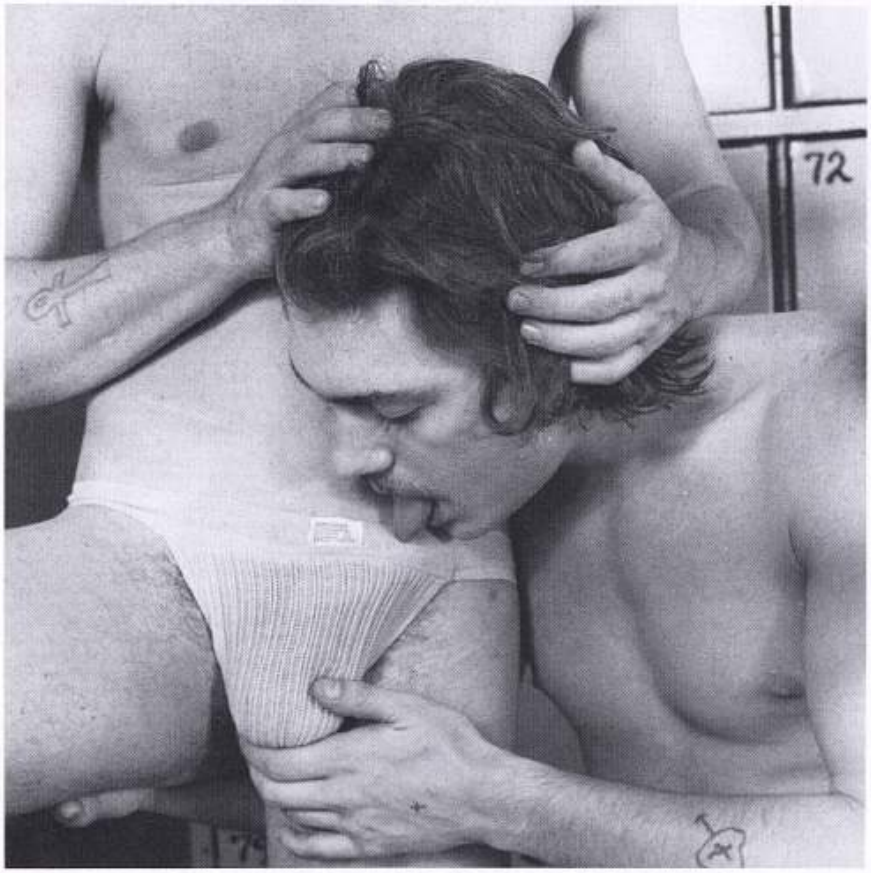

dry humping Jim right then and there in the locker room. He rammed his stiff fuck tool deeply into Jim's well-filled jockey strap. Jim could only moan in pleasure as he felt that hard cock being thrust into his churning nuts. Finally, Art couldn't stand anymore. He grabbed Jim's hand and pushed it down to his dripping dick. He hissed a command out to Jim to grab it in his hand and start working his fist up and down its hard length. Jim was as quick as he could be. He was eager to get his hands on that big rod anyway and being told to do it only added to his pleasure. He grabbed a fistful of that stiffer as quickly as he could. Art groaned and began humping his hips forward, thrusting his cock into that clenched fist. He pressed Jim to his knees and told the horny, young swimming stud to put his lips over that

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and Jim's wild sex. He stood behind a row of lockers watching the two hot young studs go at it. His own cock was screaming in his jock. He had to pull it out and work on it. When Jim slid his mouth over Art's cock it was almost more than Eric could take. He almost blasted right then. He had to stop his rapid hand action. He wanted to shoot but he wanted to shoot deep inside Jim! Then, Art started his fingering action on Jim's upturned butt. Eric felt his legs go weak. He couldn't wait any longer. He ran over to the bench the two boys were lying across and tore Art's deeply probing finger out of that dripping asshole. Jim was totally turned on by now. He kept begging to get fucked by anyone.

Eric didn't need to be asked twice. He climbed on that hot, bucking ass just as fast as he big, hard dick and really put some mouth action on it.

Jim felt like he was in a dream. He let himself be forced to his knees. He opened his mouth. Art rammed and rammed hard, burying his stiffer right up to the balls in that hot, sucking mouth. Jim really went wild. He sucked as hard as he could. This was just all too good to be true; here this hunky young athlete was face-fucking the shit out of him. He loved it! While he was sucking Art, Jim felt a finger creeping around his butt cheeks and trying to locate his tight, little puckerhole. The finger found it and, without even hesitating, shoved as deep and as hard as it could into that twitching hole. Jim groaned and thrust his hips back to get that fucking finger in even deeper.

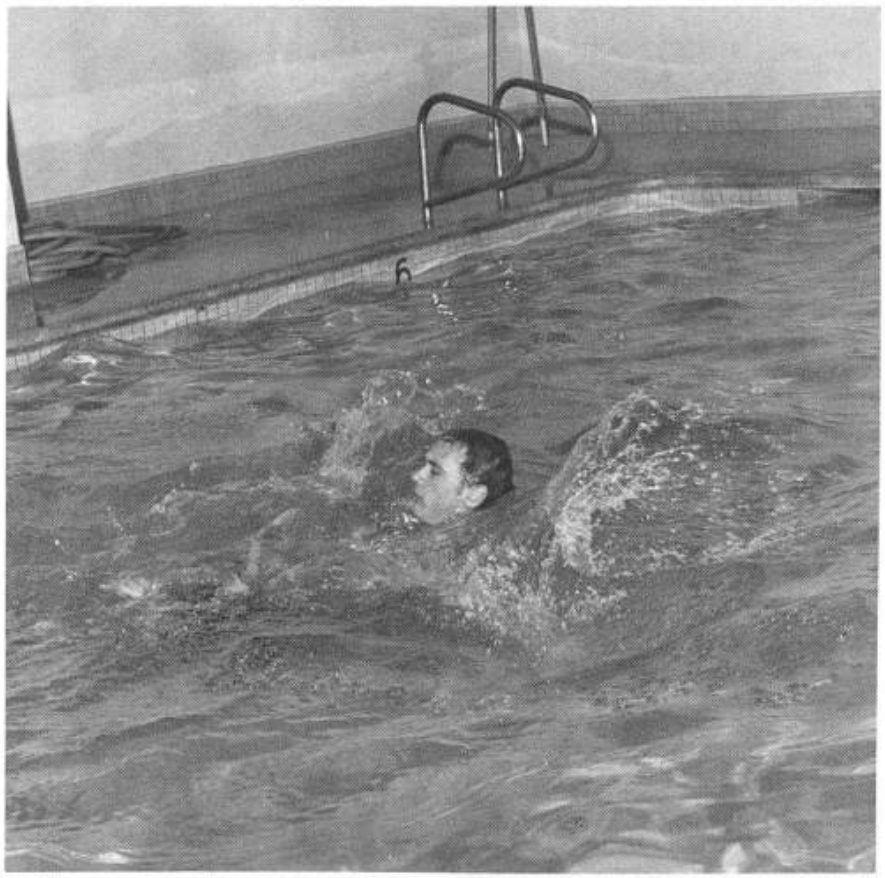
Eric had sneaked into the locker room during the start of Art

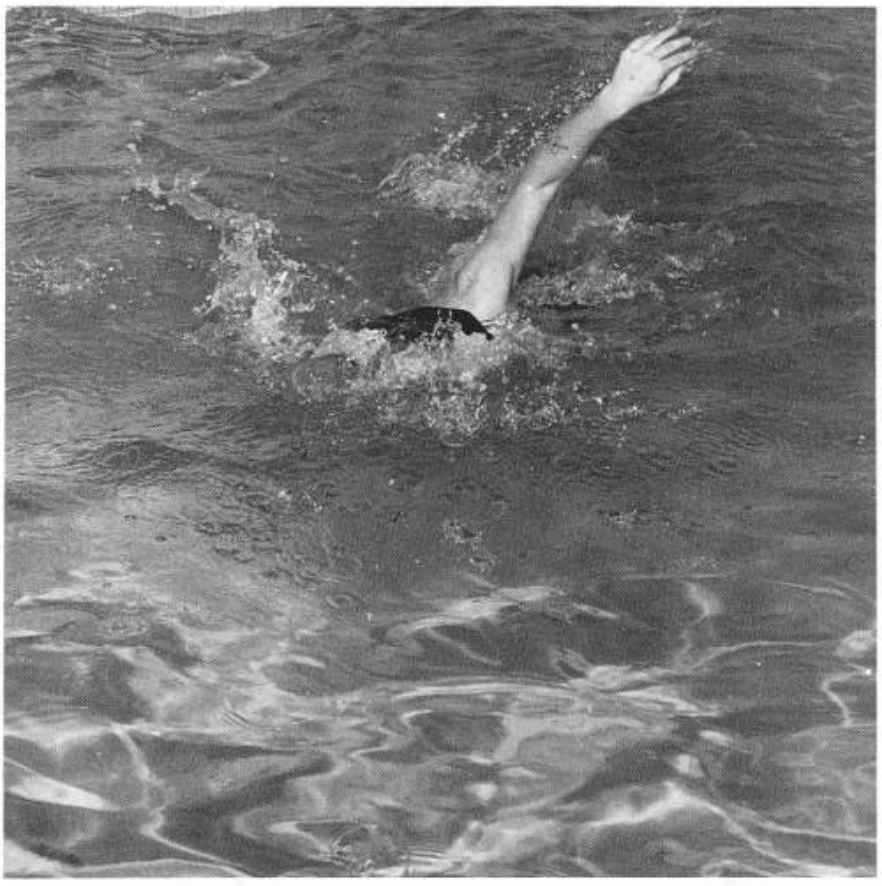
could. He rammed his big, drooling rod between those tender, young cheeks and as deep in that tight asshole as he could. Jim screamed out as that stiff invader rammed into his hot, little joy knob. He knew he wouldn't be able to take much more of that or he'd soon blast out his own hot cumload. The other two guys knew what was about to happen and both held back on their action. It had been much too long since they'd gotten anything this good and they wanted it to last. They were hot too, much hotter than they'd ever been with the other guys.

It was that holding off and the extra amount that they were turned on that caused them to go so far that afternoon. All three of them knew that they were going to pop out a huge cumload and the longer they held it the hotter they got. They were so hot that when Eric's big cock pushed into Art's face, he couldn't help sticking his tongue out and licking it. He soon had it all the way in his mouth and was sucking away on that straining man tool. Eric was soon on his knees and working on Jim's hot throbber.

It was late. The gym was deserted. The three of them spent the entire afternoon sucking and fucking. Now, there was nothing any of them wouldn't do. Finally, when they just couldn't hold back, they all shot in a hot, shattering climax. They fell across the floor of the locker room, exhausted.

The coach still wasn't sure what had happened. All he knew was that at the very next swim meet, the three of them took first, second and third place and the entire team came in first. He smiled at Jim and asked his secret. Jim only smiled back, not saying a word!





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CHILDREN SHOULD NOT USE POOL WITHOUT AN ADULT IN ATTENDANCE.

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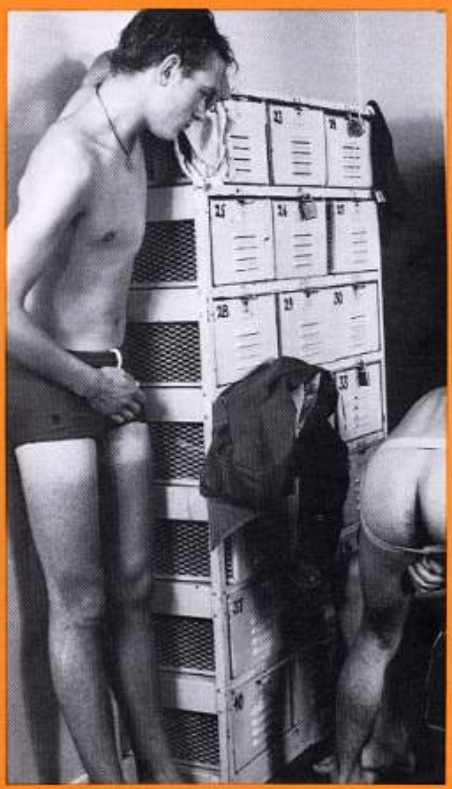

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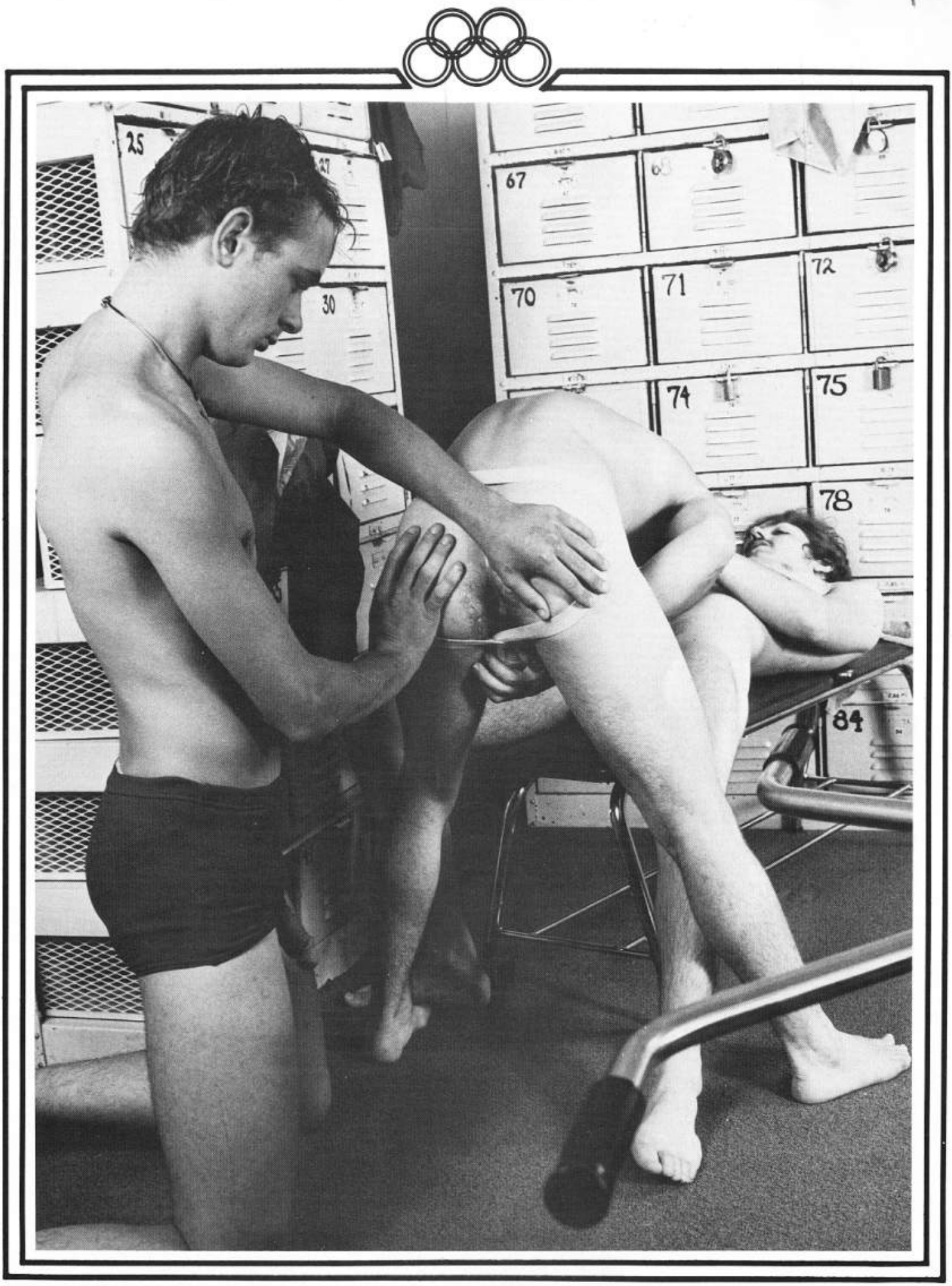
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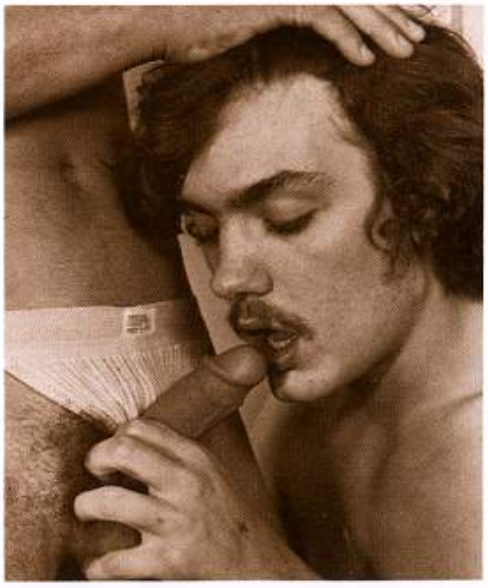

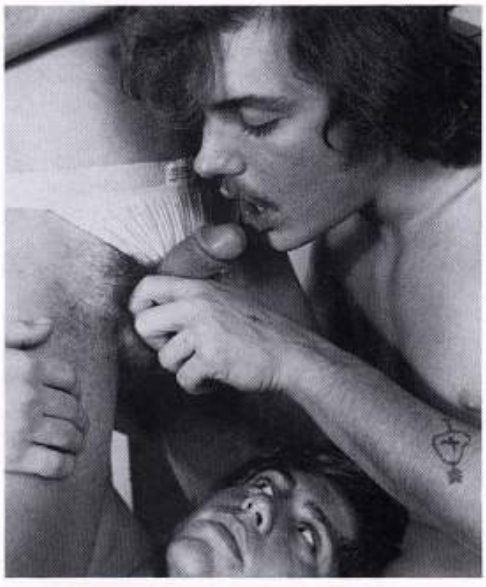

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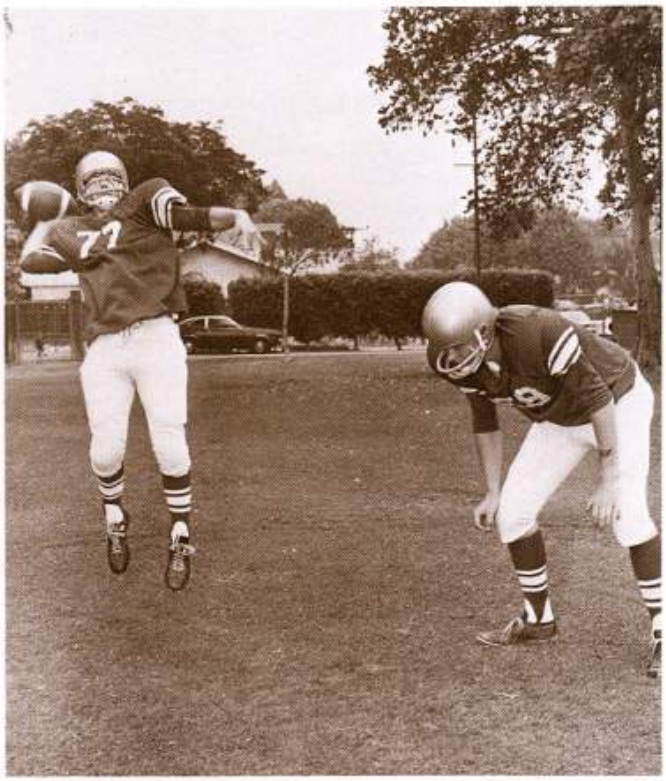
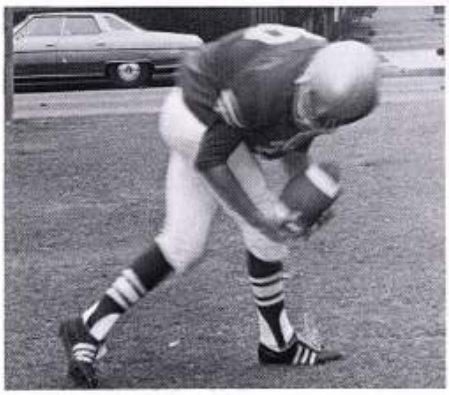
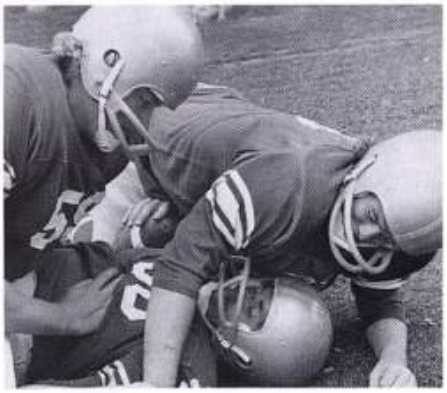
JOCK 2: FOOT BALL







Rick was the star player of the team. There was no doubt about that, whatsoever. He was the one that got all the write-ups and was always being interviewed on television. He was very happy as the star player. All the guys on the team held him in very high esteem. All the girls at school were always following him around. He had his pick of any chick on campus. And, he picked quite a few! However, there was always this strange feeling in the pit of his gut. It was an unsatisfied feeling that he just couldn't shake, no matter how hard he tried. Even after he'd rammed that big dick of his deep in a tight pussy, he'd still have to go back to his dorm and jack-off. That always got him off. He felt especially drained if his

roommate would be jacking-off at the same time. His roommate was very loud and would always moan and scream when he shot out his hot load of cum. The sound of that stud beating his stiff, young meat would always cause Rick to really blast out a huge load. Once, some of that stud's hot cum landed on Rick's chest. The sensation of that slick, hot cum landing on him caused Rick to blast like he'd never done before. He felt like he shot a quart!

That little trip didn't last too long, though. His always horny roommate and the chick he was going with got married soon after Rick had really learned to enjoy

the sound of him jacking away on his huge stiff cock. But, shortly after that Rick discovered a movie house in the sleazy downtown area where guys jacked-off right in front of everyone without even bothering to try and hide it. That really got him off for a while. Then, one night he saw some guy sucking another guy's cock in the back seats, where he always sat so he could beat off while watching the other guys. Rick never shot such a big hot load in his life as that night watching that sailor get a suck job. Rick would have loved to let that guy suck him but he was just too afraid.

The other two stars of the football team didn't have any of the problems that Rick had. They found early that guys, especially athletic guys in tight-fitting jocks, were what turned them on. From

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that time on it was easy for Phil and Ron. They sucked and fucked their way through high school. Things were a little tougher at college but they did manage to always find some hot stud in a tight jockey strap that loved to have a hot mouth wrapped around his hot cock. When they started to this school, it didn't take them long to discover each other. Phil had thought Ron was a humpy stud from the first time he saw him and decided to give him a try one night. He sauntered into his room wearing only a towel and asked the young stud if he'd try and work a kink out of his leg. It only took a couple of seconds of rubbing that muscular young body for Ron to start trying to work the juice out of his throbbing cock instead. Ron was more than happy to let him. That night was just the start of a lot of wild times the two of them had together.

They worked well together, too, with the other guys. They would compare notes about who had done what to which player on which team, including their own. Soon they were going out together and scoring as many hot, young studs as they could handle. They soon found out that it really wasn't too much harder than it had been making out with all the stud players, they just had to be more careful, that was all. The guys in college didn't want them coming on so strong. The other guys didn't think of it as just kids fooling around like they had in high school. They were all willing to fool around, only they just didn't want the other guys to find out about it, that was all. That was no problem for Phil and Ron. They made out like champs!

Both of them had their eyes on Rick for a long time. They could

tell that he really had a huge cock from the size of the big bulge in his jock. They had gotten to almost all the other players on the team. First one would take a guy on, then tell the other one and he'd go after the guy next. They both had told each other often enough how much they'd like to get into that well-filled jock of Rick's but so far hadn't been successful. One night Phil came back to Ron with a wild story. Rick's ex-roommate, who'd just gotten married but was still getting hot sucks from Ron, after he told him that his new wife couldn't suck for shit and how much a hot mouth really got to him, had told Ron a wild tale about Rick! He'd said that he was sure Rick was turned on to guys. He related how Rick always jacked-off while listening to him beat-off at night.

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ing a huge, stiff hard-on. Right then they made up their minds to put in action a little plan they were sure would work!

Once they got into the locker room, Phil went right to work. He stripped off. His big dick was standing out in front of him in a throbbing stiffer. He began caressing it with his fist. It only took Ron a second to work his dick out from under the side of his tight jock and start working it in his fist. Rick knew what was happening but he kept his head dropped. It was hard for him not to look. The scene was turning him on so much that he knew he was going to have to work a big wad of hot cum out of his thumping nuts. They felt like they were going crazy in his uniform under that tight jock he was wearing. Phil kept staring at Rick. It didn't

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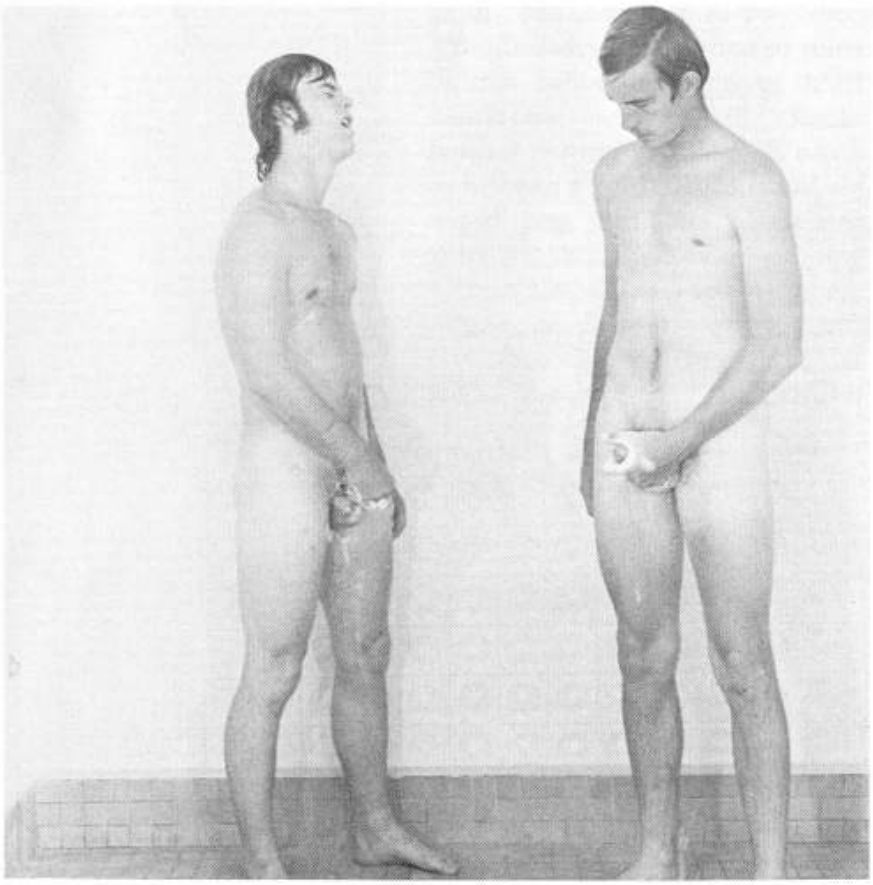
He'd even planned to ask Rick if he wanted to suck him but when he hinted around at it, Rick didn't have the slightest idea what he was talking about.

That was all Phil and Ron needed to hear. That day, after practice, they asked Rick if he'd stay and work out a couple of plays with them. They made sure that all the other players had long since gone before they were finished. While they trotted back to the gym, Ron started talking about how horny he was. He even clutched his cock through his uniform to show the other guys his big stiffer underneath his uniform. Both Ron and Phil watched Rick very carefully. They soon saw just what they wanted to see. Rick just couldn't help himself. He started stroking his cock through his tight football uniform. Both the other guys could tell that he was sport-

seem to be affecting him. He decided to try to be a little bolder. He leaned back against the locker and really started working his cock in his fist. He began to hump, all the time moaning and grunting very loudly. That hot action set Ron off. He was soon working his cock as fast as he could. Rick couldn't take anymore. He practically ripped off his uniform and started jacking-off as fast as he could. He was so turned on that he didn't even bother to take off his jockstrap!

The next thing that happened, Rick just wasn't prepared for. The two guys who had been trying to turn him on were now so turned on themselves that they forgot all their caution. Phil pulled Ron to him and gave him a deep kiss. Rick almost fell off the bench. Still, the sight of that kiss soon set his blood boiling. His hand was



working on his cock faster than ever. Ron was totally lost in passion. He slipped to his knees and started licking the tip of Phil's big throbber. Phil groaned and shoved it in his open, waiting mouth. Rick couldn't stop himself. He slid over further on the bench so he could watch the two, hot young studs in action. Phil reached out a hand to him and pulled him in closer. Phil's hand continued down Rick's body until it located his hot cock. He took a handful of that hot fuck tool and began working it in his hand. All Rick could do was give himself over to the wild pleasure of having another guy work on his cock. He dropped his head back and began

groaning.

Ron was working at the same time. His hand was working the cheeks of Rick's firm young ass. He kneaded the tender young flesh in his hand. Again, Rick could only groan. Ron's hand got bolder. A finger located Rick's tight asshole. It only took a small push to send his finger into the opening of that hot hole. Rick started to yell out in pain but Phil grabbed him and kissed him hotly and deeply. Rick could do nothing. He could do nothing while the two boys stripped him. They pushed him back on the bench and, starting at his feet, sucked every inch of his body. Rick was screaming in passion and lust. When Ron's cock was thrust against his ass, he started to protest but the fire burning his body took over his mind. He sighed and let that huge dick slip between his virgin asscheeks. Phil, standing right over him, pressed his cock in Rick's face. This time Rick didn't hesitate. He quickly sucked it into his mouth. This was his first time but he sucked as well as he could. He knew he must be doing something right. It wasn't long before he could feel that huge fuck tool start to throb. He panicked. He didn't know what he was going to do with that wad of hot man cum. He didn't have time to think about it. Phil spurted out a huge hot load. Rick gagged but Phil grabbed him by the head and forced that cock all the way down his throat. He couldn't do anything but swallow that hot load. At the same time Ron blasted deep in Rick's guts. Rick could feel the hot spunk blast out around his little joy knob, buried deep in his asshole. That was all Rick could take. He shot out a load of cum that was so large, it

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looked like he hadn't cum in years.

Rick fell back across the bench, totally drained. He could hardly move he was so drained. He just lay there panting. Ron and Phil laughed and, grabbing their towels, ran to the shower. They left Rick panting in the locker room.

They shouted at each other as they showered, comparing Rick to some of the other athletic studs they'd had. They both pretty much agreed that Rick was one of the best. That led to them recalling some of the wild scenes they'd been into. In no time at all they were hot and ready again. They slipped to the floor, after doing a little hand work on each other's cocks, and were soon in the middle of a hot, wild sixty-nine. That was when Rick walked in. He was hot and trembling from the last

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